



Me carynge in his clawes starke
As lightly as I were a larke,
How high, I can not telle yow,
for I cam up, I niste how.
for so astonied and asweved
Was every vertu in my heved,
What with his sours and with my drede,
That al my feling gan to dede;
for why hit was to greet affray.

THUS I longe in his clawes lay,
Til at the laste he to me spak
In mannes vois, and seyde: Awak!
And be not so agast, for shame!
And called me tho by my name.
And, for I sholde the bet abyde,
Me mette, Awak, to me he seyde,
Right in the same vois and stevene
That useth oon I coude nevene;
And with that vois, soth for to sayn,
My minde cam to me agayn;
for hit was goodly seyde to me,
So nas hit never wont to be.

AND herwithal I gan to sterve,
And he me in his feet to bere,
Til that he felte that I had bete,
And felte eek tho myn herte bete,
And tho gan he me to disporte,
And with wordes to comferte,

And sayde twyes: Seynte Marie!
Thou art noyous for to carie,
And nothing nedeth hit, parde!
for also wis God helpe me
As thou non harm shalt have of this;
And this cas, that betid thee is,
Is for thy lore and for thy prow;
Let see! darst thou yet loke now?
Be ful assured, boldly,
I am thy frend. And therwith I
Can for to wondren in my minde.
O God, thoughte I, that madest kinde,
Shal I non other weyes dye?
Wher Joves wol me stellifye,
Or what thing may this signifye?
I neither am Enok, ne Elye,
Ne Romulus, ne Ganymede
That was ybore up, as men rede,
To hevne with dan Jupiter,
And maad the goddes boteler.

Of this was tho my fantasye!
But he that bar me gan espye
That I so thoughte, and seyde this:
Thou demest of thyself amis;
for Joves is not therabout,
I dar wel putte thee out of doute,
To make of thee as yet a sterre,
But er I bere thee moche ferre,

I wol thee telle what I am,
And whider thou shalt, and why I cam
To done this, so that thou take
Good herte, and not for fere quake.
Gladly, quod I. Now wel, quod he:
first I, that in my feet have thee,
Of which thou hast a feer and wonder,
Am dwelling with the god of thonder,
Which that men callen Jupiter,
That dooth me flee ful ofte fer
To do al his comaundement.

And for this cause he hath me sent
To thee: now herke, by thy trouthe!
Certeyn, he hath of thee routhe,
That thou so longe trewely
hast served so ententilly
his blinde nevew Cupido,
And fair Venus goddesse also,
Withoute guerdoun ever yit,
And nevertheles hast set thy wit,
Although that in thy hede ful lyte is,
To make bokes, songes, dytees,
In ryme, or elles in cadence,
As thou best canst, in reverence
Of Love, and of his servants eke,
That have his servise soght, and seke;
And peynest thee to preysse his art,
Although thou haddest never part;
Wherfor, also God me blesse,
Joves halt hit greet humblesse
And vertu eek, that thou wolt make
Aight ful ofte thyn heed to ake,
In thy studie so thou wrytest,
And evermo of love endytest,
In honour of him and preysinges,
And in his folkes furtheringes,
And in hir matere al devyest,
And noght him nor his folk despysest,
Although thou mayst go in the daunce
Of hem that him list not avaunce.

THERFOR, as I seyde, ywis,
Jupiter considereth this,
And also, beau sir, other thinges;
That is, that thou hast no tydings
Of Loves folk, if they be glade,
Ne of noght elles that God made;
And noght only fro fer contree
That ther no tyding comth to thee,
But of thy verray neyghebores,
That dwellen almost at thy dores,
Thou herest neither that ne this;
for whan thy labour doon al is,
And hast ymaad thy rekeninges,
In stede of reste and newe thinges,
Thou gost boon to thy hous anon;
And, also domb as any stoon,
Thou sittest at another boke,
Til fully daswed is thy loke,
And livest thus as an hermyte,
Although thyn abstinence is lyte.

AND therfor Joves, through his
grace,
Wol that I bere thee to a place,
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Which that hight The Hous of fame,
To do thee som disport and game,
In som recompensacioun
Of labour and devocioun
That thou hast had, lo! causeles,
To Cupido, the reccheles!
And thus this god, thorgh his meryte,
Wol with som maner thing thee quyte,
So that thou wolt be of good chere,
for truste wel, that thou shalt here,
When we be comen ther I seye,
Mo wonder thinges, dar I leye,
Of Loves folke mo tydings,
Bothe soth/sawes and lesinges;
And mo loves newe begonne,
And longe yserved loves wonne,
And mo loves casuelly
That been betid, no man wot why,
But as a blind man stert an hare;
And more jolytee and fare,
Whyl that they finde love of stele,
As thinketh hem, and overal wele;
Mo discords, and mo jelousyes,
Mo murmurs, and mo noveltries,
And mo dissimulaciouns,
And feyned reparaciouns;
And mo berdes in two houres
Withoute rasour or sigoures
Ymaad, then greynes be of sondes;
And eke mo holdinge in hondes,
And also mo renoveleances
Of olde forleten aqueyntaunces;
Mo love/dayes and acordes
Then on instruments ben cordes;
And eke of loves mo eschaunges
Than ever cornes were in graunges;
Unethe maistow trowen this?
Quod he. No, helpe me God so wis!
Quod I. No? why? quod he. for hit
were impossible, to my wit,
Though that fame hadde al the pyes
In al a realme, and al the spyes,
How that yet she shulde here al this,
Or they espye hit. O yis, yis!
Quod he to me, that can I preve
By resoun, worthy for to leve,
So that thou yeve thyn advertence
To understonde my sentence.

FIRST shalt thou heren wher she
dwelleth,
And so thyn owne book hit telleth;
Hir paleys stant, as I shal seye,
Right even in middes of the weye
Betwixen hevne, erthe, and see;
That, whatsoever in al these three
Is spoken, in privee or aperte,
The wey therto is so overte,
And stant eek in so juste a place,
That every soun mot to hit pace,
Or what so comth fro any tonge,
Be hit rouned, red, or songe,
Or spoke in seurtee or drede,
Certein, hit moste thider nede.

The Hous
of fame.
Liber II.